What suffering frequently results

from a mother's ignorance; or more

Tradition says "woman must suffer,"

properly instruct her daughter!

that she gets it.

Lynn, Mass.

irregularity."

said why.

Hawes Ryland.

Pinkham helped her:

had to leave school. I was tired all the

time, and had dreadful pains in my

side and back. I was also troubled

with irregularity of menses. I was very weak, and lost so much flesh that

my friends became alarmed. My

mother, who is a firm believer in your remedies from experience, thought per-

Needless to try to separate, even in a

TWO FOR SWEET FACES.

When next a vision was granted to me, I saw the wall of a hospital closing

SWEET GIRL ORATORS

MAT THEY SAY OF PAST, PRES-ENT, AND FUTURE.

CLASS-DAY AT WOMAN'S COLLEGE.

Was Made a Special and Delightful Feature of the Commencement-Speeches Made by the Young Ladies

in Order Delivered.

One of the most delightful features of a commencement exercises of the Woan's College, which took place during the past week, was the celebration of the graduating class.

There was an address of welcome by the fair president of the class in solemn pap and gown, an oration by one member, poem by another, a prophecy by anher, and so on. It is a custom in the legs that the candidates for degrees organize themselves into a class early in the session. This organization mes high potentate in the literary scieties of the school, in the conduct of The "Chisel," a quarterly magazine published by the students, and in everything about the college. The distinguishing laborious struggle. So it is with every

the beginning of night; and so, the end of that night is the beginning of another day. The death of the seed is the birth of the piznt, the shrub, or the tree. The passing of the flower is the coming of the fruit, and the falling of the fruit brings the seed which begins the progress of growth. The end of labor is the beginning of reward; the end of mischlef is the ning of reward; the end of mischief is the beginning of trouble; as, probably, you all have learned.

not seem so hard after all, and we are willing to declare that our school days all have learned.

Should we enquire of those who regard
the human existence as the collection of
haphazard circumstances, and claim that
the uncertain hand of fortune governs the tide of success, giving wealth and honors to its favored children, and withholding them from others, we would find that these are not among the so-called fortunate ones. It is not the man who has attained to pre-eminence in his pro-fession and won ever-increasing glory who will say that favor is an accident, and not an effort. His life is a continual struggle for a longed for goal. And, real-izing that it must be attained by gradual steams he makes each day's success the steps, he makes each day's success the starting part for greater effort on the

morrow.

The poor, thriftless creature, often termed ill-fated one, is a fair illustration of the other aggrieved type. He foolishly persuades himself that he has been placed on earth to live out a predestined existence, and thus vainly attempts to evade the inevitable responsibility of life. An author, after encountering various difficulties, completes his work. "Ah, how he awaits the decision of this cruelly just he awaits the decision of this cruelly just world. Finally, the suspense is over. The world sanctions his productions, but this is only the beginning of harder and more

found time to organize two societies—the Nelson and the Kappa Phi. Because of these it has been our pleasure to spend many a delightful evening in the study of literature. of literature, music, and art. The in-tervening weeks soon passed by, bringing with them the much dreaded final ex-The year's work, now it is over, does

are our happiest.
As I look back on the time which glided to quickly and silently along, memory's bails are filled with scenes and associations which nothing can ever efface, so in time to come may each and every one of us remember the class of 1898 and bear in mind that to-day, though it marks the end of our college work, it

is truly but a beginning. THE CLASS POEM. Miss Maria Childress was chosen class poet, and this is her very sweet offering to the muse:

We meet, we fondly grow attached, and then we part, And oft, perchance, our meeting is for-

Shall we forget when in the battlefield, When striving to o'ercome the wrong with right,
Shall we forget our Alma Mater dear,
And our companions bright?
Where're we go, what lands, what climes



THE WOMAN COLLEGE GRADUATES IN CAP AND GOWN.

for the class to choose a poet or an orafor for the final day, why, the young lady who has proven herself an erator or a poet during the session is duly assigned to this or that feature of the class cele-

When the exercises were held this ses-Bion the college hall was filled with friends of the college, and parents, bro-Thers, sisters, and sweethearts of the oung ladies themselves, and yet all of These could not be there. For this rea son the Dispatch presents to-day the bright faces of the mattens as they sat on the platform in the class costumes. and likewise prints what they said.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME. The address of welcome was delivered Miss Hattie Rudd, president of the

It becomes my very pleasant duty this

morning to extend to those of our friends who have honored us with their presence most cordial welcome in the name of graduating class of 1858.

We feel to-day that there has been fifted from our shoulders a burden which have carried for a number of years, but at last, after toll and study, we have ed that for which we have labored have reached the goal which has been beld in view, yet at times so far away that, figuratively speaking, we could bardly see it with a telescope. But this norning we have put aside the telescope of our imagination, and have grasped goal with our hands.

say, we feel that there has been lifted from our shoulders a burden of great weight, yet we realize that it has been removed to be replaced by a more onerous one.

brough the past years we have been pulded by a corps of beloved and hon-ored teachers; we have not been alone, ored teachers; we have not been alone, for they have planned most carefully for our every step; they have warned us when in danger, they have encouraged as when despondent, they have lifted as when we have fallen, and they have braised us when praise was deserved. In the name of my companions, I de-

hire to thank them warmly-sincerely express the gratitude that glows within our hearts, but we will endeavor, with the blessings of Heaven, to testify it in our future lives, and all that we are, ed the good of mankind.

To-day we turn to the great and uniown future, to-day we launch our barges upon an unknown sea, to be driven hither and thither by favorable or unfavorable iter some fair haven, where we shall

The outside world may say that we are happy, and in one respect we are, for we now return to our homes with a certain sense of pride at our success, to gladden the hearts of our parents, some of hom have endured self-denial, their daughters may be as corner-brenes polished efter the similaride of a

palace." But there comes over us a maches as we see our bosom friends and llege companions "packing up," and utter the solemn word, "good-bye. Yet, we go forth, trusting that the

ntiment expressed by our class-flower, the forget-me-not, may live forever in heart of each member of the class

EVERY END IS A BEGINNING.

Miss Edith Hatcher was orator, and this is the oration she delivered: Chis is the oration she aglivered;
Our motto which furbishes me with a
text to-day lays no claim to novelty. Indeed, it is proud to rejoice in great abtiquity. As one of the immutable princies of life, it lies at the base of all aclivity and finds illustration in the commonest, as well as rarest, phases of ex-

erience. Every end is a beginning. If I m to have a text I am, I suppose, to reach a sermon. And so, to proceed in rthodox fashion, I will, before I start on y ninthiles and tenthiles, expound the neral meaning. I take the phrase to can that this life is a long chain, not by ans a series of disconnected but each link fits into the neighboring one, and as it rounds to its

re is no end in life. Even eternity, itself a final consummation, mending. The end of day is

traits and gifts of its members are profession in life. An honor achieved Where're we rest upon this earth, where're the spot, should be only an impetus.

The class to choose a poet or an ora-

no less true. Our latest scientists are telling us that from the lowest forms are evolved by slow degrees the highest, that the weakest go to the walls to make way for the strongest. Even failure is often the parent of great success, for I believe with him who since:

We, the class of 1898, will engrave this

motto upon our lives.

The end of our school duties calls upon us to shoulder the heavier burdens of the social, domestic, and intellectual life. Should we for one moment regard ourselves as finished products, we would prove unworthy of our Alma Mater and of ourselves. Let me go forth from to-day, ready to do battle with any difficulday, ready to do battle with any difficul-ties, making our successes prophe-cies for greater ones, and our failures timely warnings of experience. Should you wonder at the solemnity of my remarks, do bear in mind that wit in the pullet is unaccept, and be assured. the pulpit is unseemly, and be assured that it is only by a great effort that I have restrained my rising tide of mirth, and drawn my mouth down to the four corners of propriety. I fear that already on are more interested in whether every beginning has an end than in my subjec-And so, to quiet your misgivings, I will prove that even in so grave and lengthy

HISTORY OF THE CLASS. The young lady on whom was laid the duty of handing down the history of this class to all coming generations, is Miss Edna Butler. This is the way she told

liscourse as mine the rule holds good.

he story: It is with mingled feelings of pleasure and sorrow that I appear before you today, for although our faces are bright and smiling, our hearts light and happy, ause our battles have been riously fought, yet

Within our hearts a sadness steals, A sadness we can ne'er dispel, As gazing 'round us but reveals.

That we are soon to say farewell.'

As representative of the class of 1898, it devolves upon me to read to this assembly of friends, teachers, and school mates, the history of our class. When the session opened we com-

menced our studies with a firm will to work harder and to attend to our duties more faithfully than ever before. is always a school girl's resolution. first business, that of electing a presiand all to which we may attain, we dent and other officers, being settled, we shall dedicate to the promotion of truth and the good of mankind.

dent and other officers, being settled, we turned our attention to the selection of a suitable motto: "The end is the beginning." A class flower, "forget-me-not, and our class colors, "blue and gold, which decorate our platform to-day. and thither by favorable in applying our motto, we must ever winds, trusting finally to keep in view, that, though we have reached the end of our career here, our education, in the real sense, is only just begun, and that before us lies life's hard

and practical duties.
What more appropriate thought could you find than that which is embod ome of the very name of our class flower, for-"that get-me-not, and its emblem, love?" After these preliminaries were settled,

everything for some two months was bright and joyous, when suddenly, in the midst of our success, one of our midst of our success, one of our brightest and best-loved classmates was removed by death. Sad, indeed, was the day, when our little class of earnest students realized that one who had struggled and tolled along the same road with us had been called Heme; that Bertha Williams was dead.

Williams was dead.
Intermediate examinations were soon facing us, and we put on a bold front to meet them. How we ever survived those all-day meetings of English, Latin, physics, and chemistry is yet a mystery, but it is sufficient to say that we do live

Then arose the necessity of choosing speakers for this auspicious day, and, my friends, I leave it for you to say if e were wisely chosen.
DEATH OF A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

Never before in the existence of the graduating classes at the col-lege has it been the historian's lege has it been the historian's duty to record such sad events, as have betallen us this session. I speak now of the father of our class president. He terest in our school, believed firmly in women's education, and did all in his power to promote the welfare of the Woman's College. Dr. Vanderslice is sadly missed.

Why such poble ones are table. was one who always took a deep in-

addy missed.

Why such noble ones are taken from
us is not for us to question.

In the midst of our many duties we

for the strongest. Even failure is often the parent of great success, for I believe with him who sings:
"In one clear tone to divers' strings,
That men may rise on stepping stones, Of their dead sleives to better things."
We the class of 1898, will engrave this hard, stony ways.

And life lies stretche to be decked;
But there are thorns. Dear ones, 'tis not the end of troubles we have reached.
"Tis but the end of happy, careless days, For in the distance there are placed hard, stony ways.

And following in it to perfect her soul; pleasure may

And may sweet hope, descending from on In loving comfort always with us be, To soothe our sorrows, to repress a sigh When we shall find

saying: me, dwell with us, you will not regret "Come,

many broken dreams, with many

flower, may be, Which humble, in meek lowliness doth

With gratitude and deep regret we leave Our College Halls, for we have much

WHAT FUTURE HOLDS. Because of the uncertainty, because of

strange influence. How opportune and befitting was this machine in aiding me to execute the laborious task assigned me of peering into the future of my classmates.

When, a few days ago, I seated myself in this chair-like machine and gave my-self up to its power, my brain grew dizzy for some time; then I seemed to think strange thoughts, see visions, and hear mysterious sounds and voices. At first the sounds seemed to be only confused babel of voices, and I thought surely I must be overhearing one of our '98 class-meetings; soon they become more distinct, and I plainly heard a voice sayin: "Our beloved Virginia has added yet another laurel to her wreath by fur-

"The progress of the new woman has brought her to the front in politics as well as in other things, and Virginia, well as in other things, and virginia, ever eager for leadership, especially in Cuba, has furnished that free island a governess-general in the person of our own class president—Harriet Rudd."

Then I drifted into a kind of reverle

To us so very childish and impatient, This day does seem the end of all our

'Tis the beginning of what our hands

pleasure may some to seek cool, restful shades, o disdain the solemn call of duty, gh mountains drear to fields of peace and beauty.

when we shall find Ourselves in luring pathways straying, Amid the brooks and flowers that then ar

And when in those old halls, we all shall meet again, After much joy, much sorrow, and much

That then our lives, like this sweet, gentle

And that our hearts as pure, as true, may in our bosoms swell. And now to one and all we say farewell!

In this great world.

And going forth from these protecting walls, we will remember That not through Fame or Glory, Happiness is won; It is the inner knowledge of our work

enchantment which distance lends, the future is full of beauties. It was Miss Lucy Alyce Taylor whom the class chose to tear away the veil of days and years to come, and reveal what each companion should be. She said: The era of electrical inventions is but

We have ejaculated in fairly begun. We have ejaculated in wonder over the telephone, stood speech-less before the phonograph, and marvelled at the disclosures made by the X-ray machine. But it is by none of these electrical inventions that the closing years of the nineteenth century will be made memorable. What, then, can it be Surely, all will agree with me, at it is Edison's latest invention, e "cosmophonoscope." This wonder-machine, fashioned after the pattern that it is of a sleepy-nollin chair, has the most powerful electrical contrivances for controlling the ear, brain, and eye of any ne who, desiring to know the mysteries of the future, may yield himself to its

shing the first great woman states

AN EGYPTIAN BEAUTY.

or dream, and the vision of a dark-haire Egyptian type of beauty, Katharine Fos-ter, came before me. I saw this vision ter, came of her in various places—in the thinking and de-church, on the street, in the concert after failing to

THE DUTY OF MOTHERS. Daughters Should be Carefully Guided in Early Womanhood.

frequently from a mother's neglect to

and young women are so taught. There is a little truth and a great deal of exaggeration in this. If a young woman suffers severely she needs treatment and her mother should see Many mothers hesitate to take their daughters to a physician for examination; but no mother need hesitate to write freely about her daughter or herself to Mrs. Pinkham and secure the most efficient advice without charge. Mrs. Pinkham's address is The following letter from Miss MARIE tional institutions for the cause of higher education among women. Among the students and judge of the races, I see none other than Edna Butler. F. Johnson, Centralia, Pa., shows what neglect will do, and tells how Mrs. "My health became so poor that I

WAITING THE HOME-COMING. Next, in a quaint little village in Madison county, leaning over the gate in front of a pretty home, I see a beautiful and happy figure, eagerly watching for the home-coming of some one. Soon, a tall gentleman, with a drummer's grip in his hand, is seen coming up the street. He enters the gate, and the two walk up to the house together. As they enter the lady turns to pluck a rose, and I recognize the smiling face of our Ning Weavland.

haps they might benefit me, and wrote In the place of this domestic scene you for advice. I followed the advice you gave, and used Lydia E. Pinkham's there comes now before my eyes another which causes me to start with admira-tion. It was a vision of the Rudorf Hotel, at Atlantic City. I see countless couples promenading and enjoying their Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills as you directed, and am now as well as I ever was. I have gained flesh and have a good color. I am completely cured of tete-a-tetes. One couple especially attracts my attention on account of the loveliness of the maiden and the fine looks and stately bearing of the youth.
They come nearer, and from the happy
and contented looks of the two, I think hall, and in many a gay scene. Not al-

hall, and in many a gay scene. Not al-ways in the background, there loomed up a tall, graceful, masculine form, and the eyes belonging to the form seemed somehow to watch her every movement with a yearning that would take no de-nial. I saw her at first coquettish and cruel, smiling upon more favored soldier boys; watching eagerly for Cuban let-ters, and filling more than one civillan's heart with sorrow. But after awhile, as the months and years, not so many years, I am in Dr. Nesson's grand, new once.

I pick up a book and open it. It is a
catalogue of the Woman's College, dated
1902. I turn to the frontispiece to gaze
upon the picture of the dear old college.
To my surprise, instead of the beloved building in which we girls have tolled and the months and years, not so many years, either, rolled on, I saw that first shadowy rejoiced, I see the picture of a much larger and more handsome structure, in a form come into the place of honor, and the last glimpse I had of the two they were standing side by side before what seemed to be an altar, and the man who stood in front of them was unmistakably grove of young trees, on the suburbs of Richmond. I turn over the leaf to read the names of the faculty. Most of them are unknown to me, but I start with pres prophecy, these two-Laura Lemon and Mary Goode—who, tradition says, have hardly been seen apart around the college these last four years.

Principal of the new college. I see that it is Miss Thornhill. But in wonder, I think that cannot be, for Miss Thornhill is now Mrs. James. Then it dawns upon me that her mantle has fallen upon our

around, and as I was looking upon the sufferers stretched upon their cots I saw a door open, and each expectant face that turned toward it was lighted with a gleam of joy, as two sweet, fair-faced I mark the gentle touch and cheery words of these two as they pass among the wounded ones. I heard more than one of them, who before wished only to lie, say as he watched their retreating ootsteps that, after all, there was some thing sweet in life, and he hoped that would spare him, though no one The wounded sufferers were our own

American soldiers in Cuba, and the sweet faces belonged to two of our beclassmates-Mary Vanderslice and We always feel proud of our ambitious

Alta Cooper went to Vassar we felt that we could well trust the reputation of

North Carolina in one of the most beautiful sections of the State a building which I found it hard to believe to be a school-house. But as I gazed upon the scene, 1 saw merry fittle groups of children come trudging along towards it, which convinced me that it must be so. Nearly every one had a flower in his and, and they all seemed perfectly appy. I heard several of them talking happy. I heard several of them talking affectionately of Miss Mary and wondering which of the flowers would please her most. I could not resist the temptation to step up to the window and see who was this wonderful Miss Mary. Imagine my pleased surprise when I saw no other than our much beloved Mary

The scene speeds its way to Sunny Italy. There, among a group of travel lers just from the Paris Exposition, I see on the pavement below the Cathedral of Pisa a trim, neat, figure, surrounded by several friends, and one new seems to be especially attentive and who accompanied her from her American home. She nisses him from her side, calls him, and from the dome of the Cathedral I hear, oftened and mellowed into sweet music. effected back, the name "Lawson,"

Surely, says I, this must be our ow dear Mary Womack. Now, my eyes grow dim, and again I hear the mysterious voice say: "The most popular authoress of the first part of the twentieth century, and one who has international reputation as a novel writer, is one of your 1898 girls, Maria Childress." The voice speaks on, saying: "The great explorer and dis-coverer of the twentieth century, who, after preserverance and toil, crowned with merited success, has startled the whole world by announcing the truly discovered location of the South Pole, is also one of your classmates, Bessie Bell Davis."

THE MARVELLOUS VISION AGAIN The voice dies away. I see on a beau tiful, shady lawn, seated in a rustic chair, clustered about by fragrant roses in full bloom, our beloved Maud Covington. On the green turf at her feet sits a handsome gentleman, evidently a Rich-mond youth, who seems to be saying omething to her which is the cause the graceful droop of her head and the

crimson of her cheeks. The vision continues, and I see at her lovely summer home one other of our number-Edith Hatcher, She seems rest less and discontented, succeeds at no-thing she undertakes, and has even neglected her beloved music. She is now examining with light touch the contents of a small velvet box, which is found to be filled with brass buttons, little flags, and other treasured souvenirs, which e dently shows that her thoughts are far way at Manila, Her restlessn creases, and her sole desire is to go as a hospital nurse to the Philippines. At last her father, in despair, consents to her going, and the family, with tearful

eyes, sees her on board the train. Soon she becomes very tired of travel-ling, and begins to reflect seriously upon her decision. She does not feel quite so brave now, and finally thinks that she s unfitted for the work. She return home, not so patriotic as before, and de votes her whole attention to her music and goes to Germany to pursue her stu dies further and to great success.

Next I see the interior of a singularly large and weil-filled public library. The head librarian, a "petite" but intellectual head librarian, a "petite" but intellectuallooking girl, gives orders with decision
and firmness. Her exactness, punctuality,
and general knowledge of books has won
for her this honorable position. But from
the way she bows and smiles so sweetly
to a schelarly-looking man, who frequents the library, I think that this position will soon be vacant, and little "Bes

BECOMES AN EDITOR. Then I seem to dream that our deep decisive Rosa Gary

the gay and fashionable society in which she reigned a queen, determines to follow her chosen and distinguished profession of editor. I see her now as editor-in-chief of the New York Journal, which, under her skilful management, has changed its hue from yellow to such a deep blue as to cause other periodsuch a deep blue as to cause other periodicals to turn green with envy.

I see that our quiet and steady Mary Franklin had gradually added honor to honor, till finally she had obtained the degree of Ph. D. at the University of

Chicago.

A scene is again spread before me, I gaze with unusual attention. It is a college campus. I recognize the stately structure in the centre of the grounds as Richmond College, though changed in looks. The large science halls and laboratory are new to me, but add to the spiendor of the place. I look again and see broken barrels and pieces of timber scattered on the field; a grandstand is erected near a shade tree. Ah, it is Field-Day at the college. I see a large crowd of old men and women, young men and maidens, eagerly making their way from the scene of the basket-bail game to the race-track, made ready for the 'cyclists. And, as they go, I hear voices shouting triumphantly for the Richmond College "girls," who had won the game. Surely the grand old college has at last taken the noble stand among other coeducational institutions for the cause of higher A scene is again spread before me. I

Nina Wayland.

that soon will be announced the engage-of our dear Florence Meyers.

I am in Dr. Nelson's grand, new office.

sure and surprise as I see the name of one of our most lovely girls, Kate Van-derslice, as Professor of Pedagogy. I turn another leaf to see who is Lady

dear Lucy Thornhill. PROPHECY OF THE PROPHET.

Miss Hattie Rudd, in turn, spoke as Miss Hattle Rudd, in turn, spoke as follows: Since the duty, as well as the honor, of foretelling the destiny of our prophet was imposed upon me, I visited the Sybilline oracles in order to find out what fate they had reserved in store for her. Judging from her most glorious past, I felt assured that her future could be none other than a most brilliant and suc cessful one. And, indeed, I was not de ceived. The oracles revealed to me the picture of a capacious and magnificent auditorium, situated in one of our far western cities. Seated on the stage are several speakers for the evening, but my attention, as well as that of every one else, is immediately attracted to one of them, who is a woman, most beautifully attired in a dress of brocaded silver, very becomingly and tastefully trimgirls, and when they couple success with med in white lilles, the golden centres of ambition our pride is unbounded. When which bear the relation of 16 to 1. This costume at first appears somewhat odd, but on hearing that she is to speak on "Free Silver," I am most forcibly imwe could well trust on the hands.

our Alma Mater in her hands.

Next I see nestled among the hills of pressed with her tact, as well as taste, in arranging such an appropriate dress in arranging such an appropriate dress

r the occasion. When she gracefully comes forward and begins her address the audience is enchanted by the melody of her voice, as well as by her graceful manner livery. Very readily I observe that her brilliant attire accords most admirably with her intellectual equipment, I certain that the class of 1898 need not be told who this woman is. They readily guess that our old schoolmate and col-lege companion, Alice Tayloe, has chosen this vocation in life, for we all what an advocate of free silver she always has been, and what lengthy discussions we have had on that subject.

THE CREMATION EXERCISES. The girls have the delectable custom at the close of their school lives of com-mitting to flames whatever has given each one particularly a hard time. occasion is one of rejoicing. Just before these delightful cremation exercises, some gentle girl ascends a rostrum and delivers the bonfire oration. Miss Mary Louise Goode was that young lady this year, and this is her oration: For some time we have been looking forward with much pleasure to this day, and now that it has come I do not know that we feel happy as we thought we would. thing makes us sad-the thought that we who now stand here together, arrayed in cap and gown, we who love each other with that devotion known only to school girls, must soon part, perhaps never to meet again. Of course, there must be some clouds in this life, but after the To-morrow night we shall receive our diplomas; soon we shall have the pleasure of returning home and meeting those who so anxiously await our coming. Best of all, we go back to our loved ones with the know-ledge that if we are faithful through life, at the end of our journey we shall be wel-comed into our heavenly home, where we shall hear from our Master the words,

There are many fond memories that we will ever cherish, such as the tender love for each other, our gratitude to our kind teachers, and the sincere respect for and devotion to our noble president and our Alma Mater. But then, Latin and German exercises, algebra, with its formulas for permutations and combinations, pa-pers on economic subjects, the numberless rules, the breaking of which means a seat on the front bench, or an essay on, "How to keep order in the study on, "How to keep order than things are

IN THE SIMILITUDE OF A TREE. From the fire the class goes to the tree. This mere sprig is set by them in the ground to grow, a symbol of their affection for each other and their Alma Mater. Miss Katherine Foster was tree orator. She spoke as follows:

Strange it is that after so many months of anxious striving and weary toil we should find ourselves grieved to be on the summit towards which we have been climbing. Those of you younger schoolmates who stand around us and look with possible veneration and envy upon our classic robes and studyworn faces may well suppress that envy and, I fear, even better the veneration. It is not all gladness that fills our hearts to-day, now, especially, that we have consigned to the flames all that was trying to us in our school life, keeping only sweet memories and affection for the scenes we are leaving.

Life is an endless procession, a moving army, and we of the class of 1898-one letachment of the army-may not stay here longer, but must march bravely on to the larger battles of life, and leave our places here in the training school to those who are waiting to take them. We have planted to-day under the shadow of our college walls this little Academy last spring, and it

It is much easier to keep the hair When you have it than it is to restore it when it's lost. If your hair is "coming out" it needs instant attention. The use of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will promptly stop the hair from falling, and stimulate it to new growth.

"Some years ago my hair began to fall out and I became quite baid. I was ad-



tree. We leave it to stand as a symbol of our united affections and loyalty to each other and to our Alma Mater. As each other and to our Alma Mater. As it shall gain its strength day by day, sending its roots more deeply into the earth and its branches into the air, may our class flourish and grow, drawing its life from the Source of all Good, and blossoming into a beauty of usefulness and of strength. Showers and even storms will come to our tree. Winds storms will come to our tree. Winds may shake it, but if it stands the orleals, it comes forth stronger and nobler for the trial that has been given it. trust that for our tree, as for ourselves,

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.

Hereditary Influences Shown in the Careers of Naval Officers. (Baltimore Sun.) these times, when the valorous deeds of the officers and men of the United States navy are recounted aimost daily, and when the world is being convinced, that in spite of long quiesence, the fighting blood of the American of days gone by still flows in the veins of his descendants, it is of in-terest to note that the sons of worthy and grandstres are officers' uniforms aboard the ships of Sampson's and Schley's squadrons and that these young men, the product of the younger generation, are doing everything that is expected of them. It would probably be too much to say

that the love of things pertaining to the navy and naval warfare was an inherited instinct, in the strict sense of the term. on is set forth, however by in which the sons of navy or army officers follow in their fathers' footsteps. And while the love of such life may or may not really be inherited, it is doubtless true that there is more reason why the son of a United States officer should be-come the servant of the government than the son of anyone else.

While it may not be the fighting in-

stinct that is inherited, there is no doubt that the most natural thing for such a young man to do is to do just what his father has done before him. He has been raised, should his father be a naval officer, in a naval atmosphere since he can remember. His friends have been the children of naval people. His family's friends have been the families of other naval officers. He has lived in a naval colony, where most of the conversation has been upon some naval topic.

He has never received any consecutive education nor been thrown continuously with boys who were not naval in their thoughts. His life has been a wandering one, because his father has been moved from station to station at the beck and call of Uncle Sam. No sooner has he been settled in one school than he has had to leave it and become settled in another, and all this is calculated to break One the train of thought which might lead him into a profession other than that which his father has followed before

There are many instances disclosed by the naval registers showing how the naval feeling has been handed down directly through generations; how it has been disseminated through branches of the same family, and how marriage ties have made it as contagious as any other

Witness among these the remarkable There was old Rear-Ad-Rodgers family. miral John Rodgers, now deceased, his cousin, Rear-Admiral C. R. P. Rodgers, "the Chesterfield of the navy," is also dead. Lieut.-Commander Raymend Rodgers, the son of the last named, is now on the Iowa, and this officer's brother, Alexander S. Rodgers, is a captain in the army. Lieut. Thomas S. Rodgers, a son of Raymond Rodgers, is on the Bennington, and Capt. Frederick Rodgers, a cousin of Raymond, is detailed for naval duty in Washington.
His brother, Lieut.-Commander John A.
Rodgers, is on the Indiana, and this one's
son, William L. Rodgers, is a lieutenant
on the torpedo-boat Foote. Lieut.-Commander J. A. Rodgers' son, John Rodgits, these and many other things are ers, is now a cadet at the Naval Academy, what we will now east into the fire, and with joy watch until they burn and vanthis family who are not hankering to this family who are not hankering to sail on Uncle Sam's ships, Uncle Sam would like to hear from them.

These Rodgers are related by marriage tractive in appearance are entirely health to old Commodore Perry and the Hoff family, of which there are some representatives in the navy, may get their inspira tion from one of their ancestors, Bainbridge. Rear-Admiral Henry A. Hoff is dead, and his son Capt. Wm. B. Hoff, is a retired captain in the navy. Ensign Arthur B. Hoff, the captain's son, is assistant to the United States naval attache at London.

Two of Admiral Sampson's daughters married naval officers. Miss Margaret married Lieut. Roy Smith, who is on the Indiana, and Miss Katharine found a husband in Ensign Richard H. Jackson, now on the Foote. These daughters certainly belong to a naval family. Capt. A. T. Mahan, the famous author

of works upon naval warfare, has a brother, Dennis H. Mahan, who is not so fam-ous, but who is a lieutenant in the navy, just the same. them, Dennis H. Mahan, Sr., was a captain in the engineering corps of the army. "Fighting Bob" Evans's son, George T.

Evans, was graduated from the naval

mous verdict of his preceptors that he is a veritable "chip off the old block." One of his classmates, by the way, is a Baltimore boy, Henry Williams. Both of these young men are on the Masschu-Both of

Ensign Yates Stirling, of the Dolphin is a son of Capt. Yates Stirling, of Balti-more, who is a member of the Light-House board, Ensign C. F. Preston, on the Scorpion, is another Baltimore ind who is making a name for himself.

Apropos of the sons of Confederate of-

Apropos of the sons of Confederate of-ficers serving valtacity in the United States army at the present day, there are many of them. Ensign Powers Symington on the Eagle, is a son of Major W. Stuart Symington, of Baltimore, who was a gal-lant officer in the Confederate army. En-sign Franklin Buchanan Sullivan, of Bal-timore, on the Marbiehead, is a son of the famous Confederate sea warrior, Adniral Buchanan,

And then there is Lieut. Richmond Pearand then there is Lieut. Richmond Pearson Hobson, who sank the Merrimae in Santiago harbor and became famous over the world. His father was James M. Hobson, who fought under the Stars and Bars throughout the war. His grandfather, Richmond M. Pearson, was for forty years chief justice of North Car. forty years chief justice of North Car-

forty years chief justice of North Carolina.

A most remarkable case of father and son is that of the Selfridges—Thomas O., Sr., and Thomas O., Jr. Both are now retired officers in the navy. The father is about ninety years old and the son about sixty, and both hold the rank of rearadmiral. James A Selfridge, a relative of theirs, is a lieutenant-commander.

Rear-Admiral Kimberly married a sister of Ensign William R. Cushman, showing that love looks not at relative rank, and the Admiral's son is a second-classman at Annapolis, who has just been ordered to the Cincinnatti. His name is Victor A. Kimberly. Rear-Admiral Belknap, retired, has a son, R. K. Belknap, who is an ensign on the Newport, and Rear-Admiral Andrew E. K. Benham's son, Easign H. K. Benham, is on the Marietta Capt. T. F. Kane has a son in the marine corps—Lieut. T. P. Kane.

It is a good sign, this handing down a desire to serve one's country, whether it be inherited or not. It shows that the American people are made of the right sort of stuff, as they always have been, and it shows that the material has not been exhausted in the century during which Americans have been building and that the men who now pace the decks of the ironclads or lead charges on the battle-field will give a good account of themselves unless all good signs fail.

Major Wm. Lacy Kenly, chief engineer

Major Wm. Lacy Kenly, chief engineer

Major Wm. Lacy Kenly, chief engineer of the water department, received a letter yesterday from his nephew, W. W. Kenly, of New York, announcing the enlistment of Reese Kenly, a nephew, in Astor's Mounted Battery.

When Mr. Kenly applied for enlistment in the battery he was refused admission because he was only nineteen years old. Lieutenant March, of the Astor Battery, said: "Young man, you need not come back." Kenly replied: "I am a cousin of Lieut. Lacy Kenly, of the First Artillery, "Are you one of the Kenlys?" asked Lieutenant March. "If you are I will take you."

for the trial that has been given it. We trust that for our tree, as for ourselves, the future has no rude shocks in store. May the winds visit both it and us gently; may every branch be shielded from the fury of the storm, and may be we'll some day meet together, a united class, under its shade.

I place to-day upon its slender trunk the emblem of our union and love. As the tree shall presently grow beyond the bounds which this circle suggests, so shall our affections for each other and for the dear old college grow larger and fuller the longer we live.

LIME SON.

its commander and aid the success of our country's cause."

Mr. Reese Kenly is a son of Douglas Kenly and grandson of Mr. George T. Kenly, once treasurer of the Chamber of Commerce, Baltimore.

Water Supply for Cuba.

(Army and Navy Journal.) One of the difficulties our troops are likely to meet in Cuba is a deficient sup-ply of drinking water. After hearing so much about the rainy season in that island and the difficulty, amounting, it is often asserted, practically to an impossibility, of moving troops at that season, it may surprise the uninitiated to learn that the annual rainfall of Habana is precisely the same as that of New Yorkabout forty and one-half inches. Even dering the six rainy months, May to Octo-ber, inclusive, the rainfull is only about twenty-eight inches, and in the dry half of the year twelve and three-quarters inches, rain falling in every month of the year. It is the peculiar topographical con-ditions of Cuba that control its storage of

places almost to the state of a desert country. The general characteristic of the island is a series of mountainous elevations, with a very narrow fringe of level land. In the highlands of the interior, which in the western part reach an elevation of 2,500 to 3,000 feet, and in the eastern part 3,500 to 5,200 and 7,500 feet, the rainfall increases up to three times what ! is on the coast, and the difference between the wet and dry season is strongly marked. In one month more rain will fall there than in the whole year at Habana. The watercourses then come torrents, and the steep slopes deliver the water rapidly to the lowflooding them, but leaving the uplands comparatively dry, fact, an overdrained country, and the stream beds, which are floods in the rainy season, may be as dry as Arizona

water and reduce it in this respect

a month later.

The rock formation of the island is, to a very great extent, limestone, with some schistose and granitic rocks, and the cover of soil must be comparatively thin or else so subject to drainage on account of its relative height and nearness to the of its relative neight and hearness sea that it loses its store of water rapidly. Wells are deep, from 50 to 350 feet, and usually more than 109 feet, and this not in the extreme interior, but within the contract of the store fifteen miles of Cardenas, for instance. Through much of their depth these wells are in solid rock. Under these circum stances it is evident that the supply of drinking water to a camp by driven we will not often be practicable, except pe haps where it is not needed—i. c., alor the line of a constant flowing rive In the savanna country along the coast wells could be driven with success, but they are not need, and the water would supply could hardly be wholesome From such information as we have bee able to gather, it is probable that a good water base will be at one of the necession

ties of an invading force.

Now that the subject of sanitation is receiving the attention it deserves, would it not be well to detail one or two offi-cers from the medical corps to attend to this especial branch of army control A simple apparatus, with the chemicals necessary for microscopic and chemical tests, could easily be provided, and, while military service does not always permit of selecting a camp at will, it is quite likely that bad conditions could be some times avoided, and every improvement of this kind tends to the preservation of individual life and the army strength The water of the savannas must often be very bad, as we found in the Chickahominy swamps, and the labors of a few officers might mitigate its evils materi Some waters that look good enough deadly, and some that are not at-

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